

Dirty Dancing And Drunk Kisses by UnstableBibliophile (Toxic_Chaos)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

"Geez Harrington, how much did you drink," Billy breathlessly whispered into the space between their faces. A space Steve had noticed getting smaller despite Billy's protest.

"Enough to notice your pretty blue eyes and that sexy tan you are showing off in that sinful shirt," Steve groaned looking up at Billy with eyes that could only be described as sultry.

A collection of my HarringroveApril Ficlets that have managed to form a plot despite my protest.

1. April 1st: First Kiss

Author's Note:

This is a collection of my HarringroveApril Ficlets that have managed to form a plot despite my protest.

Steve and Billy's first kiss was somewhat of a surprise. In Fact that night had started out in the complete opposite direction. Like any other night in Hawkins the streets were quiet and dimly lit with old street lamps that lined up the street. Most houses were silent with the exception of Neil Hargroves house.

Billy Hargrove was pissed. Neil Hargrove had been wailing on him all night. It wasn't anything new for Billy but he was exceptionally pissed because he remembered telling Harrington to drop Max off as soon as the kids were done '*Hanging Out*'. So of course Billy was pissed. His old man had given him a few good bruises he would remember and Steve Harrington was to blame. It was Steve's fault that Max wasn't home and if Billy got his hands on Steve he was going to show the other teen just how angry he was.

Of course there were other factors involved, like Lucas Sinclair and all the other kids in that group of theirs. But Billy didn't really care because in his mind it was clear who was to blame. Steve Harrington. If it wasn't for Steve and his favours Max could have been back home way before Neil but now she wasn't home and Billy was to blame somehow.

Billy Hargrove slammed the door of his car as he stormed towards the school Gym. There was a school dance he had '*forgotten*' about, one of the many '*social events*' the school seemed to hold so that kids stayed out of trouble. Billy fixed his bright red shirt and ruffled his golden locks before sauntering past a group of eager teen girls. With a wink and drawl that sounded like "Good evening ladies," he left the girls swooning and thirsting for his denim clad ass.

Billy winked at a few more girls as he walked past packed and noisy corridors. His eyes searched through the crowds for a familiar mess of brown hair but it wasn't until he was inside the gym that he noticed

the tall lean familiar build.

Steve Harrington was hidden behind a couple of students dancing and swaying awkwardly to cheesy 70's music. Most of the sweaty teenagers didn't notice Billy until he yelled Steve's name across the gym.

Billy watched as Harrington smiled at the girl that was practically breathing his air as he chatted her up. Steve's wide flirtatious smile shocked Billy so much that he just stood rooted to the floor as he watched the two of them talk for a while.

But there was something about watching Steve having a good time with some random girl that caused Billy's blood to boil over. Steve was out here having the time of his life while Billy suffered for his mistakes?! No matter how Billy looked at it, his suffering was Steve's fault and Billy would be damned if he left Steve unpunished.

"Hey! Harrington!" Billy's voice roared past the slow music into the ears of most of the teenagers in the gym.

Unfortunately one of those teenagers was not Steve Harrington. Instead Steve deeped lower and closer to the brunette he was smiling at earlier. And with a slow steady gentle hand he tucked her hair behind her ear as he whispered something into that same ear. Whatever he whispered to the teen girl must have been great because she looked up at him eyes shining and cheeks rosy red. She giggled and pushed further into Steve's space. Steve smiled even wider as he let his hand graze the base of her neck.

Billy was pissed off. More pissed off than he had been and he didn't stop to figure out why the scene before him seemed to fuel his anger like gasoline in fire. Instead he sauntered past a couple or two eyes trained on the brown mess on Steve's head. After a few strides forward Billy pushed Steve into the wall and away from the girl that had been close to doing unspeakable things to him.

"What do you think you are doing, **King Steve**?" Billy drawled as he held Steve up against the wall.

Steve looked past the girl he had been cosying up to and gulped

loudly. Steve knew he was probably tipsy but not tipsy enough to mess with Hargrove's girl or one of Hargrove's girls. It was really hard for Steve to differentiate but he knew there was a difference. It was fair to say Steve was confused.

"Answer me Harrington! What do you think you are doing?" Billy yelled fisting Steve's shirt even tighter and shoving Steve's body further into the wall.

"Whoa! Sorry man. I didn't know, ok! Steve said splaying his hands out in a surrendering motion, "Becca she...she didn't say man."

"What?" Billy asked, staring at Steve's lips as the other boy slipped out his tongue to wet them. Billy watched Steve's lips as he unconsciously mirrored the action before swearing.

"Fuck!" Billy groaned angrily as the scent of alcohol hit his nose, "Are you going to drive your kids drunk?"

Never in Billy's life did he think he would be the sober voice for anything, infact seconds ago he was ready to pummel Steve's face in. But here was being being the sober voice for King fucking Steve. Billy groaned and pulled Steve by the collar of his shirt. Billy knew that he was angry at Steve, he remembered that much but looking at Steve's semi drunk state he wasn't sure what exactly he was angry about. But one thing was clear in his mind Steve Harrington was to blame. And that wasn't changing anytime soon.

Billy Hargrove shoved Steve through the semi open back door of the school and the brown haired boy stumbled as he tried to regain some balance. Steve stumbled back as he raised his hands and spoke up again, "Look man. I didn't know, ok. I didn't know she was your girl. She didn't say anything to me I just thought..."

Steve stumbled back a few more steps as Billy stalked over towards him, "Shut Up!" Billy yelled leaning into Steve's face cornering the boy into the space between the wall and Billy's built body.

Steve looked up at Billy, eyes wide and mouth shut tight. There wasn't a lot of light outside the school at this time of the night but Steve could see the mesmerising blue of Billy's eyes and the way his

lips glistened under the moonlight. Steve wasn't sure about a lot of things in life but one thing was sure to him at that moment. Billy Hargrove was going to hit him. He wasn't sure when it was going to happen but he figured if Billy was distracted long enough he could make a run for it.

Billy watched Steve lick his lips nervously and squeezed his fists tighter. He wasn't holding Steve's shirt anymore but with the way Steve was cowering into the wall he might as well have been. Billy reminded himself that Steve had this coming because whatever it was it was Steve's fault so he was only following through with his plan.

Tension seemed to build as the soft sound of Be My Baby played in the distance filling the silence between them. Steve gulped loudly and watched Billy's lips part and close as if he was whispering something to himself. Steve wasn't winning any prizes for being smart but he figured this was his chance to distract Billy. And with the way Billy's shirt opened up leaving his chest on display Steve knew that he wouldn't hate what he was about to do. After all he had watched Billy's ass walk away a lot of times. This sudden urge to *'distract'* Billy was warranted. Billy walked around looking like sex and Steve had picked up on it.

Steve wasn't sure when he made the decision but the sudden urge in the pit of his stomach was strong. This was stupid but Steve was just tipsy enough to follow through with his plan. So without any form of preamble Steve reached out and grabbed either side of Billy's face. Then with a sudden burst of dumb confidence he proceeded to swallow Billy's lips into his open mouth. The messy one sided kiss didn't last long because Billy jerked away from Steve's grip and shoved him back into the wall. Billy's eyes were wide with shock and he stared at Steve like he couldn't figure out what had just happened.

"Fuck!" Steve yelled coming back to his senses. That wasn't how he had imagined it would go. And sure he had figured there was an eighty percent chance of Billy punching him tonight he just didn't think it would be because he tried to kiss him. Steve ran his fingers through his hair and stared up at Billy before muttering another, "Fuck!" Under his breath.

"Geez Harrington, how much did you drink," Billy breathlessly whispered into the space between their faces. A space Steve had noticed getting smaller despite Billy's protest.

"Enough to notice your pretty blue eyes and that sexy tan you are showing off in that sinful shirt," Steve groaned looking up at Billy with eyes that could only be described as sultry.

Billy stared down at the younger man and made a last-minute decision that would change his night forever. With shaky hands and a rapid heart beat Billy leaned into Harrington's space and placed his hands gently around Steve's hair then with a whispered 'fuck it' he placed his lips on Steve's and gently nipped on Steve's lips seeking permission.

Steve kissed Billy back with tentative movements still afraid that this might all be a joke Billy was playing on him. After all, not long ago Billy had jumped away from him like he had been burned.

Billy used his left arm to circle Steve's waist and pulled him closer until their bodies were flush against each other. Steve groaned into Billy's mouth as he used both his hands to circle Billy's waist pulling them even closer together than they were. Billy licked the inside of Steve's mouth with slow gentle strokes that made Steve believe all the '*expert kisser Hargrove*' stories he had heard.

Steve whimpered as he returned the kiss with much fever and gust all plans about distractions long forgotten. Steve was not hundred percent sure what was going on but he didn't want it to stop. Steve wanted to spend the whole night tasting cigarettes and bubble gum in Billy Hargrove's mouth and he didn't care who saw. Too bad Billy did care because when Max's confused voice broke through their silent night Billy flung his body away from Steve like he had been caught stealing.

It took Steve a few minutes to come back to his senses and realise Max wasn't looking for Billy. Instead, she was calling out for Steve. Steve barely had time to register the glare Billy was giving him before Max rounded the corner with the rest of the gang on her heels.

"Are you ok?" Max asked, staring at Steve.

Steve shrugged and looked at Billy who was looking at anything besides Steve. Dustin spoke up moving forward and trying to walk as far away from Billy as possible.

"...Cause we heard Billy carried you out here so he could beat you up. And we came to rescue you..."

"He is fine." Billy grumbled before turning to Max, "We are going home!"

Max looked at Steve one last time before following Billy towards his car. Steve stood in the dark trying and failing to understand what Dustin was saying as he watched Billy's jean-clad ass walk away.

2. 2nd April: April Showers

Billy walked away from Steve with his head held high and arms twitching by his side. There was an itch in him. An itch he knew would get him into trouble if he scratched it. Billy glanced at Max and signalled for her to wait in the car. He needed a smoke and time to think and he couldn't do that if Max's stupid eyes were glaring at him like he had done something wrong.

Billy leaned against the driver's side and pulled out a cigarette then with the flick of her wrist he turned on his lighter and dragged the cigarette. Billy watched the empty road and listened to the sounds of laughter and gossip that seemed to waft around the school. He wasn't sure when he began to feel like home in this shit hole but he was willing to bet it had nothing to do with the lacking scenery or the humid scent that lingered in the mornings. Billy dragged another puff or two before he threw the cigarette on the floor and trampled it under his boot he had to get home and deal with Neil.

With an irritated growl, Billy got into the car and drove home at a sickening speed. After all, Neil was still waiting for them or more importantly for his golden child, Max.

Billy parked the car by the curb of the street and waited. Max had been uncharacteristically quiet the whole ride and Billy wasn't sure what he was supposed to do with that, instead of aggravating whatever she was stewing on he just looked at her and pushed the passenger door open.

"Aren't you coming in?" Max asked, looking over Billy as if she was searching for something hidden in his face.

"You are fine. He is not going to do anything to you. He is out of steam." Billy grumbled as he watched Max glance over at the silent foreboding small cottage. Billy was right. When it came to Max Neil was all bark and no bite so she would be fine unlike the purpling bruises under his shirt.

Max grabbed her skateboard from somewhere behind her seat and jumped out of Billy's car. Then with a small jog, she made her way

across the lawn and into the house.

Billy watched for all of two seconds before he drove off into the night. He would be damned if he would be there when Neil woke up in the morning.

There are a lot of things Steve remembers despite his best efforts to forget. Steve remembers the first time he kissed another boy in elementary school. Steve also remembered the time he got punched by someone he liked unfortunately that was the same boy he kissed. Steve also remembered how he felt when Nancy Wheeler broke his heart. And now Steve couldn't seem to forget the taste of Bubble Gum and Cigarettes.

But despite all those memories, there was one memory Steve would have liked to forget, one memory that still haunted him every day and that memory was the foul stench of rotting flesh and plants coupled with an image of a thousand terrifying teeth attached to an equally terrifying snapping shape. That image alone was what kept Steve awake at night. Being home alone in the large Harrington residence didn't help either.

The ugly screeching of demo dogs and the wet squelch that came out when he bashed them in with his bat was an experience permanently etched into the folds of his brain. Steve would have given up everything to forget but more importantly, he would have given up everything to get rid of those things for good. To never look over his shoulder every second. But unfortunately for Steve, his memories seemed to be dancing at the forefront of his mind despite the smell of rain in the air and the taste of Billy Hargrove that still lingered on his tongue.

Steve blinked up at the sky as the first signs of rain kicked up the sand below his feet. It was just his luck that it would rain on the one day he was walking home. Steve slumped his shoulders and powered through the sudden steady thrum of rain because like every bad thing in his life he had to go through it. He shoved his hands in his pockets and felt himself sober up. A shame he thought to himself because it would have been easier to sleep if he were drunk.

Steve pushed his hands further into the pockets of his jeans and walked further into the silent night. Jonathan Byers and Nancy were taking the kids home. Steve had contemplated the real implications of sitting through a car ride with Tommy and Carol but that sounded horrible, so Steve picked the walk instead, he figured he had a much better chance of surviving demogorgons than the car ride in Tommy H's car.

Steve dragged his feet along the sidewalk groaning at the state of his clothes. His hair clung to his face and his clothes and shoes were drenched to the bone. Steve powered through the melancholic atmosphere until he could see his mothers large apple tree on the corner of their front lawn. The gnarly bushy thing used to be the only thing that scared Steve but now that he had encountered real monsters it was just a tree to him.

Steve thought the sight of home would make him feel relieved but instead, his heart gave a painful tug and his mind reminded him of the ugly people eating monsters that haunted him and lurked in silent shadows. Steve moved a little faster. It had been a while since he had seen any demodogs but Steve was smart enough to know there were still out there. Steve had watched enough horror movies to know that people died when they lowered their guard down.

The downpour increased putting a physical damp on Steve's already sour mood. Steve winced at the weird squishing noise his shoes made as he tried to clamber over his mothers rose bushes. Steve glanced around his quiet street and pushed himself up and over their white picket fence, he wasn't in the mood to go all the way to the gate anyway.

Steve wasn't hopeful about the amount of sleep he was going to get but he was counting on a hot shower. So he mentally checked his father's liquor cabinet for any remaining bottles of alcohol. A glass of something strong would be great, Steve thought as he stepped over a pile of leaves. It wasn't until Steve was past the small shed that he heard it.

It was the unmistakable sound of squelching. In a different time or neighbourhood, Steve would have assumed it was a robber prowling around the street. But Steve knew better than that. He knew that was

the unmistakable sound of a demodog's footsteps. Steve wished with everything in him that the monster would leave him alone. Just for today but the squelching didn't stop in fact the sound only seemed to get closer like a pair of foreboding demented footsteps.

Steve inched back towards the shed and grabbed the wet spiked bat he kept propped by the shed. Steve was having a weird day and he would be damned if he died at the mercy of a demodog before he could get into the shower. Steve raised the bat over his head and charged towards the squelching sound barely managing to run in the soggy lawn.

Billy raised his hand to knock on Steve's door but he whipped his head back in time to see Steve charging towards him with a murderous glare on his face and a spiked bat clutched between his fists. Billy jumped out of Steve's way nearly missing the feral boy. It took Steve's mind a while to process what was going on as Billy caught his forearms.

"Jesus Harrington. You could kill someone with that." Billy said holding Steve's arms in place.

"Billy. Billy?" Steve asked, yanking his arms out of Billy's grasp.

Steve instinctively shielded Billy's body with his own as he grasped the bat and searched the area for the demodog. Steve's mind finally caught up with him and he realised the signature monster scent was absent and Billy was getting soaked on his front door. Steve gave his yard one more sweep before he turned to Billy and with a small grimace, he opened the door and dropped the bat outside.

"Come in."

Billy didn't move for a second as he took in Steve's appearance. Steve watched Billy think and he closed his fist so that he wouldn't push Billy into the house. Steve is relieved Billy was safe and in one piece but he remembered that he and Billy were not close or anything to each other. So he didn't have the right to worry about him being eaten by a demodog. Instead, Steve ran his hands in his matted hair and corks a confident grin as he spoke to Billy.

"Can I bum a smoke?"

Billy who was still reeling from watching Steve storm towards him with a weapon took a moment to process.

"I will trade you. I am sure I have some leftover whiskey in my bedroom."

Billy patted his pockets for a cigarette and found one in his back pocket but the blonde boy left the cigarette in place and pulled out a small baggy from his shirt pocket instead. Steve grinned widely and kicked his front door even wider. Billy huffed a sound that resembled an amused snort as he stepped over the Harrington threshold.

"I didn't think you were this easy Harrington," Billy said grinning as he threw the baggy at Steve.

Steve fought a smile as he caught the baggy and closed the door, "Shut up."

Steve didn't ask Billy what he was doing on his doorstep and Billy didn't mention the fact that Steve didn't switch on the lights or that he jumped over a small heap of empty whiskey bottles. The two teenage boys just awkwardly shuffled around each other in the walkway as they wait for the other to speak.

Billy began to feel uncomfortable just standing in Steve's house so he ended up speaking first, "I was promised alcohol?"

Steve watched Billy for a second longer before smiling as he resisted the edge to hold Billy's hand, "Come on. My bedroom is this way."

Billy took his time glancing around Steve's room as Steve busied himself in the corner. Billy noticed Steve's box of tapes, he also noticed Steve's sealed boxed walkman. Steve also had a lot of other unopened things like a skateboard, a few popular books and something that Billy didn't know. Things Billy would have cherished and used if they belonged to him. Steve's room was like a museum wide and filled with unused objects. Steve's whole house was large and empty but Steve's room felt emptier.

Steve's walls were almost bare. The only thing on them were a few

pictures of Steve and Tommy H and a bunch of other people Billy didn't know. Next to those pictures were pictures of Nancy and Steve that seemed to have been ripped apart then stuck together again with sellotape. Billy is not sure what that meant but he didn't like it.

The only proof of life in Steve's massive room was the unmade double bed and the baseball bat dotted with long nails that was partially hidden under Steve's pillow. Billy thought there was a story there but he didn't ask. Instead he flopped onto Steve's bed on the opposite end and watched Steve stand awkwardly in the middle of his own bedroom.

Steve stood still in the centre of his room as he debated his choices. He could go take that much-needed shower but he was afraid Billy would leave and he would be alone. Or he could pretend he didn't need a shower and change into new clothes and pretend he didn't itch from the rainwater. Steve looked over at Billy and made a rash decision with a few quick moves he was holding a towel and drying his hair.

Billy quirked up an eyebrow wondering what Steve was up to now. He poked at the bat with a finger and looked up at Steve again failing to resist his curiosity, "So what's with this?"

Steve flushed as he stumbled with his polo shirt halfway off and halfway on. "For protection," Steve mumbled through the shirt.

"Protection. Ok." Billy answered reaching for the half-empty whiskey bottle that was sitting on Steve's window sill. "So. Home alone?"

"Yes," Steve answered, turning red from the edge of his briefs all the way to his ears.

Billy laughed at Steve's reaction and took a sip of the whiskey, "Relax Princess. I didn't mean it like that."

Steve hurried up and pulled on a clean t-shirt and sweats. Then with one last nervous glance towards his closed window Steve pulled the pat out of his sheets and shoved it under his bed. Close enough to reach but far enough to keep it hidden. Steve was not taking any chances whether Billy was there or not.

Steve pulled out Billy's baggy from his wet clothes and sat down next Billy. The two boys passed around a joint and the bottle silently until they fell asleep

Notes for the Chapter:

I have this headcanon that Billy is soft whenever he is alone with Steve. I don't know why but that's just the deal for me.

3. April 3rd: Spring Break

Steve and Billy didn't run into each other for the rest of the semester. School was quite boring for Steve as he managed to fly under the radar dethroned from his position by Billy Hargrove. Some days when he caught Billy's eyes across the corridors he remembered. He remembered Billy's lips on his, he remembered the scent of Billy's skin, He remembered Billy's fingers in his hair and he remembered the taste of bubble gum and cigarettes but he never talked to Billy about it. Instead, he would duck his head down and go in the opposite direction.

Billy remembered Steve too. Billy remembered the feral look in Harrington's eyes when he charged towards him with a spiked bat, he remembered the empty bottles and he remembered waking up the next day with Steve wrapped around his fully clothed body.

Billy and Steve never spoke about that day. In fact, they never spoke again until spring break. Billy had woken up and pried Steve's hands off his body before he proceeded to pack his remaining weed in his jeans. Then with a few grunts and groans, he managed to pry open Steve's window and jump out.

Billy never turned back to see if Steve was watching him through the window and he never figured out why he had been at Steve's house in the first place. Instead, he trudged through the muddy pathway and unceremoniously fell into his car. And that night had been the last night he had had any contact with Harrington besides the occasional glances in the school corridors.

It was Spring Break when our boys finally met again. Steve had a double shift at scoops ahoy alongside Robin who seemed to take every opportunity she could find to tease Steve. Which was almost every time. Steve had heard from the kids that Billy was working at the pool and he had worked very hard to avoid the pool. Instead, Steve and Robin's friendship had grown and Steve finally had a real friend again.

Steve's day at Scoops Ahoy was usually uneventful with the occasional normal customers and sometimes the kids stopping by.

Like every other day, Steve's day had been fairly quiet with the occasional appearance of a few teenage couples, some mothers and their toddlers and Dustin and the gang trying to score a few free scoops of ice cream. Robin had shut that down firmly and called Steve a ' *softy*' for letting his children talk him into things like that. Especially since he would have to pay for it out of pocket.

Steve had shrugged and leaned on the counter watching Robin explain to him what sort of a pushover he was. She had a board and everything. Steve was laughing at Robin's drawings when he heard it. The unmistakable sultry drawl of one Billy Hargrove. Steve's heart leapt in his throat as he fought a smile. Robin peered at him curiously from the window behind the back room trying to figure out what was going on with his face.

Steve unconsciously used his free hand to fix his hair before turning to face the counter he was leaning on. Steve watched as Billy approached the counter lazily and leaned his elbow against the top of it.

Billy leaned onto the counter giving Steve the full view of his chest through the wide V of his shirt, "Hey Pretty Boy. Any chance I can get some service in here?"

Steve dropped the scoop in his hands and fumbled to pick it up as he hid his flushed face below the counter. He hadn't intended to remember that night, he really hadn't but Billy's smooth rich voice had taken him back to that kiss. Robin watched in amusement as Steve finally emerged from the floor.

"Billy," Steve said, smiling at Billy.

Robin shook her head and walked over towards Steve with the menu in hand. She passed Steve the sheet of paper with the ice cream flavours on it and walked back to the backroom.

Billy smiled widely at Steve's tinted cheeks giving the boy a once over. With his index finger, Billy tapped on the counter and then beckoned Steve closer with a subtle nod. Steve leaned over the counter placing his ear close to Billy's face.

Billy's breath against Steve's ear was warm and it made Steve's heart ratchet in his chest as he shivered with unnamed emotions. Billy spoke in a soft slow tone that made Steve wish they were not doing this in public, "You always walk around showing people that perky little ass?" Billy asked.

Steve choked on air and coughed uncontrollably for a few minutes before he glanced around to see if anyone had heard what Billy said. Billy quirked an eyebrow and caught Steve's smirk before Steve leaned back towards him and whispered in his ear, "You are one to talk. Walking around practically naked."

Billy pulled back a smile on his face and the only sign of surprise being the wide stare he was giving Steve. Steve glanced at the open V of Billy's shirt and smiled triumphantly. Billy laughed at the smug look on Harrington's face.

Billy's laugh was something special. Atleast something special to Steve who had never heard the other teenager laugh. The sound was glorious and Billy's shoulders shook as he tipped his head back and laughed. Steve wasn't sure what he had done but he would do it again to see Billy laugh like that. The sound of Billy laughing was such a foreign experience that the people he was with (People Steve had only just noticed.) Looked over at Billy with surprised curious expressions. Steve felt proud knowing that he had been the one to make Billy laugh genuinely like that.

Billy could just make out Tommy H's scowl as he glanced in Billy and Steve's direction. Steve took some pride in knowing he had caused that scowl too. After all, Tommy H and Nicole had ditched him the moment someone cooler had dropped into their small town.

"Okay, Harrington. How does this work?" Billy asked, smiling at Steve.

"Um. Well. We." Steve was blinded by Billy's smile; he forgot his training and the words he had memorised a few weeks ago.

Robin laughed and moved closer to Steve. She bumped Steve lightly pushing him out of the way and looked at Billy with her 100-megawatt customer service smile, "Welcome to Scoops Ahoy. You

pick a flavour or two or three if you are adventurous and we scoop it up into whatever container you choose. And for the price of 99 cents we can add any topping of your choice." Robin continued with her friendly smile as she pushed the menu towards Billy, "This is the list of flavours we have and behind it is the list of containers and toppings."

Billy frowned as he looked at her; he hadn't missed the way she had been familiar with Steve or the way she had bumped into him affectionately. Most of all Billy didn't like the way she saddled up next to Steve after telling him the menu items. He didn't like it. He didn't like any of it. Billy especially didn't like it when Robin's hand slapped Steve's ass lightly as she walked to the back room. Billy ordered random ice creams for his gang and watched with a frown as Steve and Robin made jokes while scooping up the ice cream. Steve smiled at Robin in a way Billy hadn't seen in a while and Billy didn't like that.

Steve handed Billy the tray and silently collected the notes that Billy unceremoniously threw at him. Billy smiled with a tight-lipped smile, "Keep the change."

Steve frowned as he watched Billy walk over to a booth in the back. He wasn't sure what had changed in the two seconds he had lost his voice but something had shifted and Billy was back to being an asshole.

Steve looked over Billy's table and noticed the way Billy and Tommy H sat plastered arm to arm. He didn't like it. Robin slung her arm over his shoulders and leaned into him.

"What are we looking at *Steve-y* ?" She asked with a cheery voice.

"Nothing," Steve mumbled, turning away from Billy's table.

Billy watched Steve and Robin laugh and cosy up to each other with a scowl on his face. He pushed his ice cream towards some random girl sitting across him and smiled at her, "Here ya go, darling."

The girl smiled at him and pushed her hair back as she reached for the ice cream and spoon.

Steve and Robin laugh at something Steve said and Robin bumped Steve's shoulder to get his attention, "So...Billy Hargrove?"

Steve froze and glanced towards Billy's table. Billy was looking at him and so was Tommy H and that made Steve feel like he was intruding on something. Steve shrugged and removed his hat, "Do you mind if I leave now? I am sure Rob is already at the mall entrance." Steve asked Robin, making sure he didn't look at Billy's table again.

Robin looked behind Steve and shrugged, "I am a big girl, I am sure I can handle scooping alone for a few minutes."

"Thanks," Steve said ducking down and hugging Robin.

Billy watched the exchange and the way Steve walked to the back of the shop only to emerge in his own clothes with his hair pushed back and his stupid polo tucked in again. Billy glanced around the table and made a quick decision. He pulled out a cigarette from his shirt pocket and waved it in front of Tommy H. He waved it in front of Tommy H sloppily until Tommy handed him his box of matches. With a grin, Billy stood up and followed Steve. No one in the room noticed except Robin.

Steve leaned against his car and placed his cigarette between his lips. His day had changed in unexpected ways but the one thing that bothered him was the mean sneer on Billy's face when he had taken his ice cream back to his friends. Steve didn't understand what Billy wanted but he hoped Billy wasn't pulling a prank on him. Because if he was Steve would not go down quietly.

Steve flicked his lighter and lit his cigarette. The mall was busy for a Sunday but Steve didn't mind. People always walked past him; he was invisible in that way. Steve rolled his foot as he stared at the scuff marks on his shoes, they needed a wash and Steve had been putting it off for some time now. Steve turned towards the door he had left and there was Billy walking towards him with the posture of a peacock; all strut and no modesty. Despite Steve's annoyance, he found himself smiling at the obvious posturing.

"King Steve!" Billy called out as he neared the car.

Steve leaned onto the boot of the car and dragged out another puff from his cigarette, he wasn't expecting to see Billy but he was pleased with the attention. Billy smiled as he holstered himself up onto the boot.

"You heading home already?"

"Yeah," Steve said, glancing at Billy beside him.

"Aw who is going to keep me company then," Billy said bumping into Steve's shoulder.

Billy's joyful attitude irritated Steve. Steve didn't like the fact that Billy had given him a weird look earlier and now they were back to buddy-buddy like nothing had happened. Steve dragged out a long slow puff before he answered Billy.

"Tommy H." Steve said under his breath.

Billy snorted and leaned closer to Steve so he could reach for the cigarette between Steve's lips, "But Tommy ain't the King." Billy smirked before placing Steve's cigarette between his lips.

Steve looked at Billy as he tried to decipher the other boy. He didn't get what Billy was doing but most of all he didn't understand Billy's need to talk to him. Steve took his time to look over Billy's body and he liked everything he saw. Which puzzled him more because a boy with a body like that shouldn't even be giving Steve the time of day.

"You like what you see?" Billy smirked.

Steve looked him dead in the eyes and replied matter of factly, "You have a beautiful laugh."

Billy spat out Steve's cigarette and coughed as he choked on the smoke he had inhaled. Of all the things Billy expected that wasn't what he was expecting. Billy had heard many compliments before but that one was his first ever compliment that had nothing to do with his looks.

"What?" Billy whispered through his coughing fit.

Steve's cheeks flushed but he continued speaking, "Not the fake one you do when your *'friends'* make stupid jokes. The real laugh. Your real laugh. The one you do when you are truly amused."

Billy smiled at Steve and jumped off the hood of Steve's car, "See you around, Princess."

Steve watched Billy walk away before he got in his car and drove home. Billy on the other hand ducked into a random store and willed his heart to slow down. He walked around the store glancing at things on racks but not registering a single thing. The only thing playing in his mind was Steve's voice when he said,

‘ You have a beautiful laugh. ’

Notes for the Chapter:

So tomorrow's chapter might be slightly mature so I might change the rating from Teen and up to Mature.
;-)

4. April 4th: Roller Skates

It was Steve's day off and unfortunately for him, that didn't explain the banging on his front door. He knew for a fact no one should have been looking for him on his day off. But there he was groaning and rolling out of bed because of a very distinct ceaseless banging on his front door. Steve groaned as he slipped his foot out of the warmth of his blankets. He bent down to pick up his bat before trudging downstairs in a sleepy daze. Steve didn't think monsters were knocking on his front door but he was not taking any chances in Hawkins.

Steve opened the door and saw Dustin's toothless mug staring up at him. Of course, it was Dustin. Dustin who pushed past Steve and started speaking excitedly before Steve could even muster the strength to close the door. Steve didn't manage to close the door because the rest of the party was barging in screaming and exclaiming that Dustin cheated and he should have waited.

Steve dragged his bat to the kitchen and switched on the kettle. He was going to need coffee for whatever the kids wanted. All the kids followed Steve into the kitchen like little ducklings trailing the mother duck. The only difference between the kids and ducklings was that the kids spoke over each other as they tried to explain what it was they were so excited about. Steve tried to decipher it all but with the many voices being thrown at him soon after getting out of bed, he had no idea what they were saying.

"Okay, stop! One at a time."

Lucas started, "Sully opened..."

"...A roller skating rink," Dustin said, too excited to wait his turn.

"Need to go," El said looking at Steve seriously.

"Ok," Steve answered, lifting his finger, "Just. Let me take a shower first."

All the kids let out their variations of ok with Dustin telling Steve to

hurry up because they wanted the good shoes. Steve didn't understand because if the place was new all the shoes were 'the good shoes'. But he nodded his head and dragged his bat upstairs instead because asking Dustin to explain would have cost him more time. Steve left the kids in the kitchen and continued upstairs.

It took Steve a few minutes to shower and load all the kids into his car despite them arguing over who got the front seat. Dustin ended up in the front seat with a smug smile on his face and someone was complaining about Dustin taking advantage in the backseat. Steve laughed at Dustin and knocked into his shoulder knowing that Dustin definitely used some made-up excuse as to why he should be in the front. The car ride was noisy with the kids talking over each other the whole way and Steve loved every second of it. Steve liked it when the kids were around because they made him feel less alone. It wasn't until they reached the place that Steve noticed Max was not present.

"Max not coming today?"

Lucas answered Steve as he climbed out of Steve's car, "She had to do something Billy will drop her off."

All the kids except Dustin rushed into the rink after they said their own variation of 'Goodbye'. Dustin didn't move from his seat instead, he stayed firmly rooted in his seat like he was waiting for something to happen. Steve looked over at Dustin wondering what the kid was thinking of now, "What?"

"Maybe you should go back home." Dustin began, "You can just come back and pick us up in three hours."

Steve was surprised and a little hurt at the thought of Dustin chasing him away but he was more shocked that Dustin thought he was going to hang around the place until they were done, "You already sick of me?" He asked instead.

"No, it's just...I don't trust Billy. And you never told me what happened that time at the school dance so it might be better if you just go home. So you don't run into him again."

"Too late for that now," Steve said, pulling out a cigarette as he

watched Billy saunter towards his car.

"Want me to stay?" Dustin asked with large concerned eyes.

"No. I will be fine. Go, have fun."

Dustin looked over at Steve for a second before jumping out of the car and following Max into the building. Steve shook his head as he revelled in the concern Dustin had for him. At least someone who wasn't Robin cared about him. Steve stuck his cigarette into his mouth and searched his dash for a lighter. He scowled when he couldn't find any and he let the unlit cigarette dangle between his lips.

Billy leaned through Steve's open window and smiled at the brown-haired teenager, "Harrington."

Steve looked up at Billy's pleased face and gestured to the cigarette between his lips, "Do you mind?"

Billy conjured a lit cigarette from somewhere and placed it between his lips. Then with a sly smile, the blonde-haired teen leaned further into Harrington's space. He only stopped when his eyes were a few centimetres away from Steve. If it wasn't for the setting sun and creeping darkness Billy was sure he could make out all the things that made up Steve's eyes from where he was. But for the time being, he was willing to settle for a strong fire that seemed to roar within his abdomen.

Steve moved closer to Billy and inhaled the scent of cigarettes and Billy Hargrove, something he was sure he would never be sick of. Billy leaned closer too and let the butts of their cigarettes touch as he stared into Steve's unwavering eyes.

"Steve?"

Billy pulled back hastily bumping his head on the roof of Steve's car and with an angry snarl, he pulled out his cigarette and glanced at the brat who was calling Steve. It was the curly-haired kid, Henderson. The kid inched slowly towards the car like a skittish animal. Steve stuck his hand through the window and splayed his

fingers across Billy's partially naked torso. Steve's long fingers startled Billy long enough for him to gently push Billy out of the way.

"Uh. Can I borrow some money?"

Steve opened his glove compartment but Billy beat him to it and pulled out a note from his jeans. Billy handed Dustin the note, "Scram!" He growled angrily at the disruption.

Dustin looked at Steve as if debating whether he should leave or not but Steve gave him a smile and a nod and the kid dashed back into the red brick building.

Billy leaned onto Steve's car dragging out the last puffs of his cigarette. His mind was racing and the look in Harrington's eyes and the feel of his fingers on his flat stomach was all he could think of. Billy closed his eyes and dragged another puff from the cigarette between his lips. He was barely holding back from doing something stupid and he needed a reason not to but leaning this close to Harrington and thinking about Harrington telling him that he has a beautiful laugh made his head swim.

"Billy?" Steve's voice was quiet, barely a whisper as he stared up at the other boy, "Do you want to go for a drive?"

Billy glanced around nervously before dropping the butt of his cigarette and stepping on it. It was just dorky King Steve nothing could possibly happen. Billy reassured himself as he walked over to the passenger side of Steve's car. Billy slid into Steve's passenger seat with a corky smile now dancing on the edge of his lips.

"Okay princess I am all yours now," Billy said settling into the car.

Steve backed out of the driveway and drove them away from the centre of the town. He wasn't sure where he was taking Billy but the sun was setting and he had just woken up from a restless slumber anything would do for him.

Billy fiddled with Steve's radio for a couple of minutes until he gave up and switched the thing off, "So, King Steve. Why did you drop out

of basketball?"

Steve's lips quirked up and he turned to face Billy, "You mean you want another reason besides you Harassing me?"

Billy looked at Steve silently before hanging his head in shame. He didn't think he was Harassing Steve at the time but having Steve call him out on it put some things into perspective.

Steve laughed at Billy's reaction, "Relax. I am over it."

"Asshole," Billy said looking at Steve's profile as the other teenager continued to laugh.

"Why you asking? You miss me there?"

Billy looked away from Steve and tried to figure out where they were. He had never been here before they were nearing a clearing in some forest-like place. A perfect place to murder someone if Harrington was planning to do that.

"Nah. You are a shit player. We tend to win when you are not there." Billy said smiling at Steve.

"Well, there you go. My gift to you is my absence."

Billy laughed at Steve's stupid response of course Harrington would say something like that. Noone else Billy knew would ever say something like that.

"You know," Steve's voice was quiet with an undertone of amusement as he spoke, "You really do have a Beautiful laugh."

Billy abruptly stopped laughing and turned to Steve. He didn't understand Steve. Did Steve want something from him was that why he kept on complimenting his laugh? Or was this part of the King Steve charm that had all the Hawkins girls swooning before Billy showed up.

"Come on," Steve said, getting out of the car actively ignoring Billy's silence.

Billy followed Steve through the trees until they reached an old boulder just beyond the trees. Steve sat down on the edge of the rock and Billy sat next to him leaving very little space between them. The air was warm and there was a gentle breeze associated with the beginning of spring lingering around them. Steve breathed in the clean Spring air and smiled.

"I haven't been here in a while," Steve began leaning his head back against the rock, "Figured my house was already quiet enough there is no need to find a different quiet spot."

What Steve didn't say was he was too afraid to come back there. He was too afraid of the monsters that lurked in the dark, too afraid of the memories associated with that rock and too afraid to let the memories in again. But with Billy there his fear seemed trivial because everyone and everything was afraid of Billy Hargrove so nothing would happen to Steve out here if he was with Billy.

"Where'd your parents go?"

"A trip," Steve responds vaguely because he doesn't remember where exactly they went. They will call him eventually. When the guilt settles in and they remember they have a son. Then they will buy him more gifts when they come home to help soothe their guilt, "I don't actually know where."

Billy envied Steve. He envied the life Steve seemed to hate and the freedom that came with it. If Billy had to choose between absent parents and Neil Hargrove he would choose the former without a second thought.

"Hey..." Billy's words got caught up in his throat when he saw the way Steve was looking at him. Steve looked at Billy in a lot of different ways but this look Billy was familiar with. It was the look of someone who wanted something Billy could actually offer.

Billy leaned into Steve and watched Steve's eyes dart from his mouth to his eyes as if he was asking for permission. At that moment Billy decided doing one stupid thing would be ok, after all, no one would know. It was just him and Steve there.

Billy captured Steve's lips with his own and kissed him roughly. Steve matched the pace at which Billy was kissing with his hands clutched in Billy's shirt. Steve wasn't sure what had spurred this on but he wasn't going to stop Billy especially since no one had kissed him like that in a long time. Noone had kissed him like they wanted him and even if it was all in his head Steve was going to pretend Billy wanted him and accept the affection.

Billy placed his arms around Steve and slowed down their kiss. This was a one-time thing and he wanted it to last. He wanted to remember this for however long he could because he was never going to get another chance to make out with King fucking Steve.

Billy pulled back and watched Steve frown with disappointment. He didn't understand what that meant but he wanted to wipe that frown of Steve's face. So using the last functioning brain cell he had Billy made a quick decision flipped his leg over Steve's legs and straddled the other teen.

Steve's eyes widened as he licked his lips and looked up at Billy with hopeful eyes. Steve slid his arms under Billy's shirt and onto his abdomen. The whole process should have been sexy and hot but Steve's fingers kept getting caught in Billy's semi-open shirt causing Steve to groan in annoyance.

Billy huffed out a small laugh and removed the offending shirt. He smiled at Steve and dropped the shirt somewhere next to Steve's ass. Billy flexed his abdomen and smiled down at Steve as he practically preened under Steve's watchful gaze. Steve watched Billy like he was observing a miracle. He watched him like Billy shouldn't exist and Billy revelled in his gaze.

Billy pushed his hands under Steve's shirt and gently ran his fingers over Steve's smooth skin. Steve made tiny whining noises as if he couldn't get enough of Billy's touch this seemed to spur Billy on. Billy moved his hands slowly enjoying the way Steve leaned into his touch like he had never been touched before. Billy felt like he was a magnet like he could pull Steve in any direction with his touch alone.

Billy leaned down and placed his mouth against Steve's neck sucking and kissing the flesh there until Steve was writhing under him. Billy

lifted the bottom of Steve's green polo, another one. Billy was convinced Steve was a high maintenance princess who refused to wear anything but polo shirts. Billy huffed at the image in his head and Steve pinched his naked back.

Billy smiled down at Steve and shrugged in apology before scooting back and leaning lower so he could lick Steve's abdomen. Billy's lips barely touched the corner of Steve's stomach before he thought better of it and left the barest kiss there instead. Steve whined low and long at the barely present touch of Billy's lips on his stomach and something in Billy roared with a ferocious need to do it again. Billy did it again but he kept his lips on Steve's skin just a little longer and he smiled with his lips still placed on Steve's stomach when Steve practically purred.

Billy kissed Steve's skin again, he placed the kiss higher the second time causing Steve to whine loudly and grapple at Billy's hair. Billy liked the feel of Steve's fingers in his hair but he wished Steve would pull even harder. Billy moved past Steve's navel placing more barely-there kisses until he reached Steve's nipples. With a devious smile, Billy looked up into Steve's eyes before he gently bit Steve's left nipple. Billy dragged his teeth and sucked the nipple until Steve was yanking his hair desperately.

Billy liked Steve like that, whining desperate and at the mercy of his lips. If they had all night Billy would have done a lot more to see how many whines Steve had in him. But instead, he let go of Steve's left nipple and moved over to the right one. He repeated the process and felt Steve buck up into him with small aborted movements.

Billy let go of Steve's nipple and sat in Steve's lap again. With a devious smile, Billy gently bit Steve's lower lip and looked at Steve's glazed-over eyes. He winked at Steve before he kissed him again with the ferocity of an animal in heat. Steve groaned into Billy's open mouth as he scratched Billy's back and bucked up into the other boy.

Billy presses his fingers gently into Steve's skin and ground his hips against Steve's. Steve whined low and long before going limp beneath Billy. The two boys didn't talk about what they did as they wore their clothes instead they dusted themselves off and tried to look presentable before going back into Steve's car.

The only thing said between them was Billy's warning that he gave Steve through clenched teeth, "This never happened."

Steve nodded silently and drove back to the skating rink.

5. April 5th: Butterflies

Steve doesn't tell Billy that he is the second boy he has ever kissed and Billy doesn't tell Steve that Steve isn't the only boy he made out with in Hawkins.

Steve didn't go to parties for the same reason everyone did. He went there so he wouldn't be home alone. He went for the shitty company and the even shittier music. Steve hadn't exactly told anyone this but he figured they didn't need to know because he usually brought the Keg and stayed the night searching for someone to hook up with.

Except today it wasn't working. Steve didn't want Betty who had been talking to him all night with bedroom eyes and he didn't want Susy either. Steve looked between the girls sitting with him on the couch and he put on his best charming smile, he didn't want them but they were all he had and he didn't want to go home alone.

Billy choked on air when he noticed him. Steve had been standing in between two girls looking like the Greek god of sex himself or better yet 'Patrick Swayze'. Billy took a deep breath at the sight of Steve in tight blue jeans and a plain black t-shirt that looked like it had been painted onto him. Billy swallowed the wolf whistle that was playing on his tongue and licked his lips as he watched Harrington absentmindedly run his hand through his hair. Billy liked what he saw. He took in Steve's appearance with hungry eyes, and shifted his stance unconsciously posturing for the brown haired boy who wasn't looking at him.

Billy forgot about the other people in the room and just stood at the edge of the room watching Steve. There was something about King Steve in his natural habitat that made it difficult for Billy to pull his gaze away. Billy almost missed Tommy's words because all of his nerves were focused on Steve.

"That's Betty." Tommy supplied, "She is a total babe. Heard she just broke up with Charles."

Billy nodded his head slowly, to fixed on Harrington to hear anything Tommy had said. Tommy continued regardless, "Bet you could.

sweep her from under Steve's grasp."

Billy finally turned to Tommy at the mention of Steve's name. Tommy nodded towards Harrington and Billy answered with a short, "Yeah." Before he grabbed the plastic cup in Tommy's hands. Billy downed its contents and handed the empty cup back to Tommy. With a brand new smirk on his face Billy tugged his shirt and ruffled his hair then he sauntered towards Harrington making sure to grab a random girl on his way there.

Billy pulled the eager young thing onto the makeshift dance floor making sure they were in Steve's line of sight. Steve stopped talking long enough to notice Billy and the girl plastered onto each. Steve didn't miss the way Billy's eyes caught his with some sort of unnamed challenge in them. Steve felt his adrenaline pump and he was back on the basketball court again competing against Billy Hargrove for some unnamed precious prize.

Billy waited for Steve to understand his silent plea's but instead Steve ducked his head and whispered into Betty's ear. Billy felt his heart drop and almost wished he hadn't gone to the stupid party but before he could beat himself any further Steve looked up again and guided Betty to the dance floor. Billy smiled in triumph and placed his hand on the girl he was dancing with guiding her to the beat of the song.

Billy and Steve were in some unofficial dance battle of sorts when Nancy Wheeler and Jonathan Byers walked in. Steve lost his balance and missed a step when he noticed Nancy and Jonathan's clasped hands. He stopped dancing and told Betty that he was ready for a break. Betty smiled at him, told him she had fun and leaned up to his cheek before skipping off to her friends. Steve looked at Nancy and Jonathan one last time before walking away and heading towards the stairs.

Steve didn't stop to figure out where he was going until he heard Billy calling after him. Steve turned and saw Billy coming over with the same mean look he used to have in his eyes before they started doing whatever they were doing. Steve wasn't sure if they were even friends yet. Steve looked up at Billy and despite wanting to tell him to leave him alone he didn't. He didn't say it because besides Robin and his kids Billy was the only other person who was somewhat civil

to him. Steve thought that idea was sad because he didn't even consider Billy Hargrove a friend.

Steve watched Billy's steps falter as he moved towards him. He didn't say anything but he watched Steve's face like he was expecting something from Steve. Steve moved towards Billy covering the small distance between them. Steve wanted to kiss Billy. He wanted to drown in Billy's touch so he could forget about Nancy and Jonathan but sadly the world had other plans for him.

"Steve?" Nancy called out to Steve from the end of the corridor.

Steve wanted to pretend he hadn't heard her. He wanted to pretend the music was too loud and he had suddenly gone deaf but that idea was vetoed by Billy tensing and turning to face Nancy.

"Has the princess come down from her high tower to visit us the lowly pheasants?" Billy said princess like the word was rotten and toxic it was a stark contrast to the way He called Steve princess when they were alone.

Nancy flinched and looked over Billy's shoulder as if she was waiting for Steve to defend her. Steve didn't. Infact Steve didn't move, instead he watched as the two of them went at it like a pair of hungry cats.

Steve rubbed his forehead and placed a hand on Billy's shoulder, "Hey, it's okay." He said voice sounding softer than he intended.

Nancy balked at the interaction and glared at Billy when she said, "Steve, can I talk to you. Privately." The 'privately' was tacked onto the end as an afterthought to drive home the fact that Billy was not invited.

Billy scoffed behind Steve and sneered, "What? Byers dick ain't good no more?"

Nancy's face turned red with anger and Steve moved forward blocking her vision of Billy. He wasn't sure what was going on but he knew he didn't have the strength required to stand around as Nancy and Billy pecked at each other's weakness.

Steve led Nancy into a walkway further down the corridor past a

couple of closed rooms that sounded occupied. Nancy looked back at Billy and huffed angrily as she walked even further into the walkway.

"What do you want Nance?" Steve asked the moment Nancy stopped walking.

"I am worried about you Stevie. Before all this," She gestured to the space between them, "We were friends. So I figured we still are, right?"

Steve wanted to tell her they weren't friends anymore but Steve also knew he was running short on friends so instead he shut up and let her continue.

"I think I am right to be worried look at the people you are hanging out with now." Nancy looked at Billy who made a condescending two finger wave.

Steve wanted to point out that Nancy was with Jonathan. So she had no room to talk because that was the same Jonathan that used to go around taking pictures of people without their knowledge or consent. So if anyone is going to Judge Billy on his choice of friends it shouldnt be Nancy . Instead Steve gave her a tight lip smile and said, "I am fine Nance and Billy is fine."

"Mike told me Steve." Nancy began, voice soft and sad, "He told me Billy beat you up twice. That's not ok." Nancy said to Steve looking at him like a clueless moron.

"Mike got it wrong. Billy and I are past that and the second time he didn't Beat me."

"So what? He showered you with Kisses?" Nancy asked, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Steve wanted to say yes. He wanted to look her in the eyes and tell her that's exactly what Billy did but he knew. He knew that if he did that Billy would definitely beat him up for giving Nancy that type of information. So instead he shrugged and said, "Don't be ridiculous Billy and I are not friends but we are also not enemies anymore."

Billy hadn't seen Steve in a few days until that night. He was avoiding Steve and doing a very good job of it too. He had avoided the mall and all the other places Steve could have been at, which was anywhere Max wanted to be. So when Tommy H had invited him to some random party he figured dethroned King Steve wouldn't be there. After all he hadn't seen Steve at one of these things before. Billy agreed to go to the party in the hopes that he could avoid going home until the last possible minute because Neil seemed to be extra pissy just after seeing Billy's face, almost as if he forgot he had a son until he saw Billy walk in.

So yeah, Billy was at a party. Someone's party. He wasn't sure who the owner of the party was or why he thought Tommy H would take him to a decent party but he was there and so were 30 other people from his school. Including Steve and Nancy Wheeler. And Billy didn't like that one bit. Billy didn't like the fact that everytime he let Steve out of his sight some girl was trying to steal him from him. Case and point princess wheeler.

Billy leaned against the wall and watched Wheeler's ponytail bob up and down as she spoke to Steve. Billy couldn't hear what they were talking about but he wished they would finish and get back to him. He understood that he told Steve to forget what happened but he didn't expect Steve to really forget. He expected Steve to remember everything the same way he did in the middle of the night as he lay awake in his bed with his hand stuck in his pants. Billy huffed out a short angry sound and looked away when Jonathan Byers came to join Steve and Nancy. He would rather hang out with Tommy H and his dickhead friends than join those three. But Billy couldn't get his legs to walk away. He needed to make sure Steve didn't leave with princess wheeler.

Billy watched Nancy and Jonathan leave together leaving Steve standing awkwardly by himself. Billy walked over to Steve and offered him the last joint he had on him Steve looked like he needed it more than him. Steve looked at the joint for a few minutes before taking it. Then as a last-minute thought he grabbed Billy's shirt sleeve instead. Steve dragged Billy into the nearest bathroom and closed the door before latching onto Billy's stunned mouth.

Billy circled Steve's waist with his hands and used his palms to rub

Steve's back, "What do you want, Steve?"

Steve didn't know what he wanted but he hoped Billy could figure it out for him because he was done thinking for the night. Seeing Nancy and Jonathan together had drained him and having them rub it in his face had made him more agitated. All he could do was cling to Billy and hope he understood what was needed of him. "I want this," Steve said, voice raw and raspy.

Billy didn't know what Wheeler said to Steve but whatever it was must not have been good because Steve was wound up and more agitated than Billy had ever seen. Billy wanted to make it right. He wanted to erase every trace of wheeler from Steve's skin and memory and this he could do. Billy let go of Steve for a second and latched the lock on the door. When Billy turned back to Steve, Steve was watching him with glazed over hungry desperate eyes but his hands remained clutched onto Billy's shirt.

Billy gently removed Steve's hands and kissed each hand softly. Billy watched Steve close his eyes and lean into the small kisses like they were his life line. Billy let go of Steve's hands and pushed his hands under Steve's shirt. Billy traced Steve's skin with an almost invisible touch, he watched Steve move like fluid against the contact on his skin. Steve whined under his breath as he followed Billy's touch.

It was exactly like the last time, only this time Steve wanted more. Billy leaned down and swallowed Steve's whines. He kissed Steve softly and tenderly but Steve kissed hard and bruising like he was hungry for Billy and he couldn't get enough of him. Steve opened his mouth and gently bit Billy's bottom lip eliciting a groan from Billy. Billy's groan seemed to give Steve the courage he needed because he slammed Billy against the wall and removed his T-shirt letting it drop at their feet.

Steve crowded Billy into the wall and placed his hands on either side of Billy's head then with a sense of urgency he dipped down and kissed Billy like his life depended on it. Steve and Billy kissed each other passionately until they came up for air. Steve used his left hand to hold Billy against the wall and his right to unbuckle Billy's belt and unbutton his pants.

Billy hissed when he felt Steve's hand grab his dick. There was something about the fire and defiance in Harrington's eyes that made Billy believe he could come there and then if Steve said his name right. Steve didn't say his name. Instead, he thumbed Billy's slit and watched with apt fascination as precum oozed out onto his hand. Steve raised his hand and looked at Billy's precum on his fingers before sticking the finger into his mouth. Billy groaned and bucked into Steve causing Steve to smile deviously with a proud smirk dancing on the corner of his lips.

Billy groaned before flipping them over shoving Steve into the wall. Billy hastily opened Steve's pants momentarily thinking that it was a shame that Steve's 'Patrick Swayze' Look had gone to waste. But Billy wasn't particularly broken up about it especially when he had King Steve purring at his touch below him.

Billy pushed Steve's pants down and watched with fascination as King Steve's large dick sprung out of his underwear. Billy touched Steve's dick and Steve whined as Billy's hand lightly trailed the shape of his massive cock. Billy almost missed the three butterflies tattooed just below Steve's hip bones and with soft gentle strokes he fingered the tattoo too.

Billy dropped to his knees and placed kisses inside Steve's thighs revelling in the noises Steve made everytime his lips touched Steve's skin. Billy kissed every part of Steve's legs making sure to avoid Steve's dick. Steve whined Billy's name as frustration festereed inside him. Steve tried to jerk himself off but Billy smacked his hand away and continued with the slow soft torture.

Billy finally stood up and crowded Harrington further into the wall before latching his lips into the crook between Steve's neck and shoulder. Billy's hands worked Steve's nipples as he sucked Steve's skin. Steve bucked into Billy moaning every time their dicks rubbed against each other. Steve writhed and moaned under Billy's expert lips and fingers. Steve was delirious with pleasure and missed the blood he drew as he scratched Billy's back.

Billy bucked into Steve in earnest rubbing their dicks harder and faster until they were both panting and moaning together. The small bathroom filled with the sound of their moaning and laboured

breathing as jolts of ecstasy ran through both boys. Steve came with Billy's name on his lips and Billy followed soon after biting the hickey he had left on Steve.

Billy dropped his head onto Steve's shoulders and traced the butterfly tattoo with his finger. Something about knowing that Steve had a secret tattoo made Billy feel happy as he revelled in the afterglow. Billy smiled against Steve's skin and kissed the spot he bit before speaking in his usual lazy drawl, "Is that what you wanted Princess?"

Steve clung to Billy and whispered a yes into his warm sweaty skin.

6. April 6th : Star Gazing

Steve had had a fairly quiet shift. The four usual customers had showed up and Robin had made fun of his experimental hair phase. It was a good day for Steve, nothing to write home about but a good day nonetheless. Steve hung his hat in the locker room and glanced into the mirror. He looked at his scoops ahoy uniform and declared it perfect for the occasion of driving back to his empty house. With a final 'fuck it' muttered under his breath Steve walked out of the shop and headed to his car.

Steve's step didn't falter when he saw Billy leaning against his beamer smoking up a storm like he had no were to go. It wasn't anything new, Billy had gotten so comfortable with Steve that he just patiently waited for Steve by his car in random places. Like the drive through, the school, the mall sometimes even outside Steve's house.

Steve walked over towards Billy watching the blonde boy with keen eyes. Steve misstepped when he realised just how attractive Billy was. The faint glow of the setting sun made Steve want to reach over and tug Billy's hair to expose his long golden throat. The light and shadows managed to form a thin halo around Billy's head and Steve couldn't help but gaze at the other teen. Steve watched Billy's back for a while trying to decide what he wanted to do.

"Get in." Steve said as his eyes swept Billy's body in one swift motion.

Billy didn't startle or turn to face Steve instead he snuffed out his cigarette and slid into Steve's car quietly. Steve on the other hand got into the driver's seat less gracefully and jammed his key into the ignition with a little annoyed huff. He ignored Billy fiddling with his radio as he started the car and drove them to a secluded spot by the quarry.

The two boys got comfortable in their seats and didn't make an attempt to leave the car. Billy increased the volume of the radio and pulled out a joint that Steve lit for him lazily. The two boys leaned against the back of their seats and passed around the joint slowly. Steve looked over at Billy with half open eyes and just gazed at the

other boy's profile. There was a faint smile dancing on Billy's lips as he smoked leisurely next to Steve. Steve was enthralled. Billy looked like an angel.

"What?" Billy asked, smiling at Steve.

"You are so beautiful." Steve said with a smirk dancing on his lips.

Billy laughed at Steve and smiled, "And you are completely baked."

"Yeah?" Steve smirked as he leaned over the console.

Billy smiled at the brown haired teen and held his chin in his hands, "Yeah, pretty boy. You are completely baked." Billy whispered against Steve's expectant lips.

Steve's smile widened before he leaned up further placing his lips onto Billy's. Billy smirked and kissed Steve slowly. Billy took his time licking Steve's lower lip before he bit it gently. The other teen squirmed under Billy's attention and raised his hands hooking them over Billy's neck to draw the blonde boy closer.

The two kissed and made out, throughout two a-ha songs that played softly on the radio. Billy eventually pushed off Steve and smiled down at him, "I have to go pretty boy."

Steve pouted as he looked at Billy with large eyes causing Billy to laugh softly at the ridiculous expression. Billy gently ran his hand in Steve's hair, "Come on princess. You know I would stay if I could."

Steve didn't know but he looked away from Billy and wished with everything he had that Billy could stay but of course that didn't change anything. Instead Steve pulled out a sharpie from his dash and grabbed Billy's hand, he scribbled his number on the underside of Billy's arm and looked up at the blonde boy expectantly.

"Call me." Steve said looking up at Billy.

"Ok." Billy answered.

"I am serious Hargrove. Call me. Anytime. Just...call me." Steve said voice commanding and smile wavering.

"Ok pretty boy. I will call you." Billy said before he dipped down lower and kissed Steve one last time.

"This is ridiculous' Billy thought to himself as he rubbed his hands together. It was not cold, it was just a habit he got from walking around at night during winter. It was sometime past 1am and Billy was standing at the corner of Cherry and Brooke contemplating if he should call Steve fucking Harrington. Billy had been making a lot of dumb decisions and this one just added on to the pile. Billy looked at the phone booth and wondered if this was what he really should have been doing.

He looks at the telephone and remembers the faint pink in Steve's cheeks when Steve told him to call 'anytime'.

"I am serious Hargrove. Call me. Anytime. Just...call me." Steve had said smile wavering and hands fidgeting with the edge of his sleeve.

Billy smiled at the memory and man'd up. After all it was just one measly phone call all he had to do was dial a number. Steve had said anytime, granted it was almost 2am but that counted as anytime and Steve was home alone so Billy knew it would be fine. Billy had even chosen a phone booth away from his house to reduce the chances of getting caught, not that Neil was awake anyway. Billy walked into the booth and shoved a quarter into the thing before he could change his mind. Billy picked up the receiver and listened.

"Hello," A woman's voice answered the call.

Billy's heart slammed against his chest as he contemplated what to do next. Billy panicked and slammed the phone down not sure what to do. He hadn't expected anyone but Steve to answer the phone and now that someone else had answered he didn't know what to do. Billy didn't know what he would have said if Steve picked up the phone but he had figured he would make it up as he went.

Billy chuckled to himself and scolded himself for being a chicken. It

was just Harrington and the person who answered the phone was probably his mother. Billy could get past that. Billy took a deep breath and dialed Steve's number again. Steve answered on the third ring.

Steve's voice was croaky and ruff as he spoke into the phone, "Hello?"

Billy swore under his breath as he tried to figure out what to say. He hadn't thought this through and now that he had Harrington on the other side of the phone he didn't know what to do.

"Hello?" Steve croaked into the phone again.

"Did I wake you?" Billy finally said voice rough as it projected through the phone.

Steve's voice immediately sounded cheery and more awake as if the idea of Billy calling him had woken him up, "No. I was awake."

"Liar." Billy said chuckling softly into the silent night.

Steve felt a warm wave of unexplained emotions wash over him. He lifted up the telephone and walked out into the backyard. The cord stretched just enough to allow him room to sit on the deck chairs by the pool.

"You are not asleep?" Steve asked.

Billy chuckled softly, "No baby, I am calling you remember."

The pet name tumbled out of Billy's mouth so naturally he didn't notice it. Steve noticed because he was neurotic about peoples words like that. He noticed everything everyone said to him. And as he leaned into the chair he noticed the fact that Billy had not used 'Baby' as an insult.

"Yeah. Of course, yeah."

"I see the parents are back." Billy said softly, listening to the uptick in Steve's breathing.

Steve's voice was sad , solemn that didn't change much,"Yeah.

Brought me a new zepp cassette and everything."

Billy couldn't help but notice the bitterness etched in the way Steve mentioned the gift they brought him, "What? You wanted A-ha instead?"

Steve didn't answer he wasn't sure him and Billy were there yet. Talking on the phone and calling each other pet names was fine. Baring your soul on the other hand. That was boyfriend shit. And Steve was sure that Billy wasn't his boyfriend.

"Come on princess. Talk to me." Billy said into the receiver.

Steve delayed trying to come up with a way to dilute his problems to make them seem less petty and less selfish, "I just...want them to be my parents. Not fucking Santa Clause."

Billy didn't understand what that meant but he knew what it meant to want your parents to be your actual fucking parents. But he didn't have any words for Harrington instead he stood in the phone booth silently still watching the empty street and he wondered what time the small town of Hawkins went to sleep.

"Did you fall asleep on me?" Steve asked voice breaking with barely contained emotions.

"Of course not, baby." Billy said, running his hands in his hair and leaning against the glass of the booth, "I just know what it feels to have shitty parents."

Steve didn't say anything. He was not dumb despite what Dustin believed. He knew Billy's parents were not the best people out there. He also knew something bad happened inside the Hargrove residence, he just didn't know what exactly. So he didn't ask. Instead he just listened to Billy breathe on the other side of the phone before he spoke up again.

"The stars are out today."

Billy smiled to himself, "Yes they are."

"Do you..." Steve didn't continue because Billy tough-guy Hargrove

could not possibly have an existential crisis like Steve did. So of course he wouldn't wonder. Billy was all self assuredness and corky smiles; he would never doubt who he was. He was Billy fucking Hargrove and everyone knew it.

"Do I what? Come on pretty boy. We can't have a conversation if you keep holding back." Billy said into the receiver coaxing Steve's words out with a gentle tone.

Billy's words poked holes into his conscience because he was holding back too. He was holding back a lot from Harrington. But he was not ready to trust like that. Billy thought about all the stupid decisions he had been making because of Steve Harrington and he knew, he knew he couldn't over do it. He had to hold himself back, find a limit. Or Neil would smell the queer in him and set him straight.

"Do you ever wonder about the stars?" Steve said voice small.

"What about them?"

"What it's like to be them. Living amongst people like you in a permanent place you know you will always belong?"

"I am sure the bigger brighter stars still bully the smaller dull ones." Billy said leaning his head against the glass of the phonebooth.

Steve laughed a wistful sad thing that sounded like a wounded clown. Billy didn't know what to make of it so he waited. Steve coughed before he spoke again, "Yeah but I bet they are happy because everyone loves stars. I fucking love stars Hargrove."

Billy burst out laughing, "Do you really pretty boy?"

"Yeah, I do. Look at the sky can't you see it. Those little fuckers have one job to light up the sky. And everyday they wake up and do it. Despite size or prowess."

"Careful baby I might start to get worried about your mental state. Are you sober?"

"I might be smoking half of that joint we smoked when you slept over at my place."

"Haha. Guess I should have known, that's good weed."

"I miss you." Steve said voice quiet and barely a whisper.

"What?" Billy asked, gripping the receiver tightly. Steve didn't speak again and the only thing Billy heard were the soft snores of Steve Harrington filling up the booth.

"Good Night Princess." Billy whispered into the phone.

He hung the receiver back on the telephone's hook and placed his forehead on top of it. 'Steve Harrington will be the death of me.' Billy thought to himself as he leaned on the telephone. He looked over the telephone into the quiet street and thought about Steve. Steve and his stupid wide smile, Steve and his kids trailing behind him like a mother hen and Steve and the way his voice pitched high everytime Billy's hands touched his skin.

'Yeah,' Billy thought to himself again, 'Steve Fucking Harrington will be the death of me.'

Billy walked back home riding the high of his day. He wasn't sure how the call would go but it had gone better than expected. Billy slipped into his bedroom through the open window tumbling off the windowsill onto the floor. He winced as he tried to tiptoe around silently so he wouldn't wake Neil. Billy knew if he moved quietly enough Neil wouldn't notice him sneaking back in but Billy wasn't quiet enough and Neil noticed.

7. April 9th: Blue

Steve walked into work the next day feeling better than he normally did. Robin took one look at him and blurted out, "What's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me? Nothing." Steve had answered as he looked at his body.

"You look different," Robin said looking at him with a contemplative look on her face.

"Different how?" Steve asked looking at his reflection on the back of the ice cream scooper.

Steve didn't see anything amiss in fact he was pretty sure he looked great after all he was even wearing his favourite Red polo. The one he reserved for special days.

"More awake." Robin said cutting through Steve's thoughts, "You usually look like you are one tap away from falling over."

"So, you are saying, today I look sturdy and awake? Great, I must have been zombie walking to work before." Steve replied raising an eyebrow.

"Steve," Dustin called out to Steve from nowhere. Steve looked away from Robin and watched as Dustin practically skipped over to him.

"Hey, kid." Steve said looking at Dustin, "Want a free scoop?"

Dustin's smile fell and he looked at Steve with a serious look on his face, "What's wrong?"

"What?" Steve exclaimed turning to Robin, "Did you two plan this behind my back?"

"It's weird right?" Robin asked Dustin ignoring Steve.

Dustin scoffed, "It's scary that's what it is. Anyway, we gotta talk."

Steve looked at Robin and Robin shrugged. He lept over the counter and led Dustin to one of the tables far away from the counter. Dustin sat across him and launched into a story about the other side. Steve shook his head lightly amused that Dustin didn't give him time to settle in his seat.

Steve was staring. Robin thought he was being dumb for peeking behind a pillar in the mall so he can stare. He was watching Billy. Steve had never seen Billy in a t-shirt before. Let alone a Blue t-shirt that made his eyes pop and muscles strain against the material. The shimmer in Billy's eyes shone brightly reminding Steve of Stars on a faraway planet. Steve couldn't help himself, he had to see and one quick glance wasn't enough so now he was basically trailing Billy in the mall through a pair of Dustin's binoculars.

"You know you are basically stalking him?" Dustin said beside him.

Steve had eventually told Dustin about what they (him and Billy) had done. If he hadn't Dustin was ready to call him every time Billy was at Steve's side. Now that Dustin knew what they did he made obnoxious kissy noises and teased Steve every moment he got. Dustin's new favourite tease was telling Steve what his 'Boyfriend' did. Despite Steve being adamant that Billy wasn't his boyfriend and Dustin shouldn't say things like that out loud.

Steve lowered the binoculars and looked at Dustin with a frown, "It's not stalking if I..." have had my hand down his pants. Steve wanted to say.

Dustin looked at him with a quirked eyebrow but Steve shrugged and raised the binoculars again. He watched Billy laugh with the girl working in the record store. She was giving him 'those' eyes and Steve couldn't blame her. Billy looked great in that shirt and Steve wanted to take a break and drag Billy off to some storage corner so he could kiss him and leave some marks to ward off the cashier girls of StarCourt.

Robin laughed off in the distance. She was a few meters away from Dustin and Steve watching their little ridiculous stalking attempt. She shook her head and pulled out her whiteboard. On it was a tally score of Billy vs Steve. And according to Robin Billy was winning.

Steve lowered the binoculars and slumped against the table in the centre of the booth. He wanted to talk to Billy but unfortunately for him, that was not a simple thing after all Billy was still Billy. Billy already told Steve that he would look for him when he was ready. And he hadn't. He hadn't looked for Steve in three days despite having Steve's phone number.

Steve contemplated going over to his house to see what he was doing but he thought better of it. But, Steve did stop by the pool to "check on the water" despite having a pool at his house. Billy was not there and according to heather he hadn't come to work for the same three days.

So steve had been worried. He had a right to be worried Billy was his... He just knew he had a right to be worried. So when Billy waltzed into the mall looking fine and dressed in that T-shirt that made Harrington imagine all the things they had done in shady corners he just had to see more. More of Billy. More of Billy's blue shirt. More of Billy in a Blue shirt.

But Billy didn't seem like he wanted to see more of him. In fact, Billy wanted to see every single girl in the mall. Steve looked at Dustin's worried face and smiled a wobbly shaky thing. Billy had made him feel a lot of different emotions and now Steve was starting to think he got ahead of himself.

"Steve?" Dustin asked looking like he was contemplating hugging Steve.

Steve smiled at Dustin and grabbed the binoculars again. He looked through them and watched Billy, Tommy H and some nameless kid roughhouse by the entrance of the record store. Steve convinced himself that Billy didn't notice him that's why he was ignoring him and flirting with Stacy, the college girl behind the counter of the record store.

Some bitter and ugly feelings twisted inside steve's chest as he continued watching the blonde-haired teenager. Steve watched Billy push Tommy H and the kid away before he glided back towards Stacy.

Steve watched Billy smile and lick his lips as he played with Stacy's hair. Steve watched as Billy made her blush with his syrupy words and honey-like tongue. Steve scowled and stared harder hoping the image in front of him would change for better or worse. It never did. Dustin rambled beside Steve unaware of the older boy's growing anger and irritation.

"What's with him anyway?" Steve growled drawing Dustin attention and causing him to stop mid-sentence.

Dustin grabbed the binoculars and peered through them in the same direction Steve had been looking, "Oh. It's Billy." Dustin said as if he didn't know Steve was looking at Billy already.

Robin looked up from her book and watched Steve scowl. She laughed under her breath and flipped to the next page of her book.

"So what happened the last time you spoke to him?" Dustin said looking through the binoculars.

Steve looked at Dustin and choked on a short uncomfortable cough. He grabbed the binoculars back and placed them against his face then he focused his vision on Billy once again. The blonde boy was now alone with the college girl and if Steve was judging by the flirty giggles and slaps to Billy's forearm, Steve would have guessed that Billy was five minutes away from a good lay.

Dustin kicked Steve to get his attention and Steve yelped and looked at Dustin with a deeper scowl, "I met up with that asshole." Steve used the binoculars to point in Billy's direction, "And I had an awkward dinner with Mr and Mrs Harrington as they played house before waking up to a call."

Dustin looked up at Steve with a thoughtful look on his face, "You know if Billy is bullying you Hopper could..."

"No, he is not. I just wish he..." Steve didn't finish his sentence as he watched Stacy flip the 'gone for lunch' sign on the store's door. Steve scowled angrily as something possessive and ferocious wormed through the surface of his skin. Steve pushed the binoculars into Dustin's surprised hands and stormed off in the direction he had seen

Stacy go.

Steve managed to walk normally halfway there before he slammed the women's bathroom door open. The mall's public bathroom shook from the force Steve used to push the door open. A confused girl rushed out looking at Steve with an accusatory look. Steve didn't notice her looks or how bad of an idea it was to bang open stall doors of a women's bathroom.

Steve banged open all the empty stalls until he opened the last one. Billy and Stacy were plastered against each other huddled in a corner and going at it when the door opened. Steve tried to reign it in but he failed when he saw the annoyed look on Billy's face.

"What are you doing?" Steve asked Billy ignoring Stacy.

"This is too much drama for me," Stacy said flipping her hair and walking past Steve.

"What the hell Harrington?" Billy yelled at Steve.

"Me...Me? What the hell? What the hell Hargrove?" Steve spat back indignantly.

"What, King Steve?" Billy sneered tone harsh and cruel.

"I thought..." Steve trailed off. Failing to say what he really wanted to say.

"You thought what? That I was your boyfriend? That you and I would hold hands and go steady? That what Harrington? What did you think?" Billy's voice was mean and loud as he glared at Steve with a cruel glimmer that tore into Steve's heart.

"It's just I..." Steve shrunk back into his body as he watched Billy's face grow darker as the cruel smile on his face widened.

"I am not a fag Harrington!"

Steve recoiled at the slur and watched Billy's cruel snarl with large hurt eyes. Steve didn't know what had changed between the phone call and that current moment but Billy seemed meaner and worse

than he had been in the beginning. Especially since he now knew what Steve was like in the dark when they were alone. Billy had been calling him baby and acting like he would take Steve to prom a few days ago but now Billy was acting like an asshole and making Steve feel like he was a fool.

Billy roughly shoved against Steve's shoulder and stormed out of the bathroom. He didn't stop to look at Steve but he did stop to fix his blue shirt and still shining locks in the mirror. Steve stood in the doorway of the stall trying to figure out what had gone wrong.

Billy walked out leaving Steve and his thoughts alone in the empty bathroom. Steve stepped forward and stared at his face in the mirror he ducked down and splashed some cold water on his face. With his thoughts still swirling about he grabbed a paper towel and wiped his face dry. Then after one more look in the mirror, Steve left the woman's bathroom and walked back to Scoops pretending nothing had happened. He was saving his breakdown for his bed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry...I know I was gone for a while then I just came back with angst but it's for a good course.

Author's Note:

So I saw the HarringroveApril prompt on Instagram and I immediately knew which song played in the background of Steve and Billy's first kiss. It was none other than Be My Baby and yes, I watched 'that' movie multiple times. [Dirty Dancing] Anyway this is my April fool's gift to you. I might add more parts and I might not. So yeah, no pressure.